

CANNOT BUY THEM.

Listen! Enumerate a few of the things that cannot be bought. First, youth. Mrs. Linton Linton forgets to be old and radical, she is capable of some fairly pleasant things. The things of value cannot be bought, and that those things which are only of secondary importance in the world, is not strikingly true. Two of these people had hit upon Mrs. Linton. But what she thought of the unobtainable things is less interesting and timely because they have been said ever since the world began.

It is happiness, she tells us, that cannot be bought. "When the woman deceives you, and the portrait painted over her heart shows a face that is not yours—when the husband is unconventional enough to be in the fearless old fashion lies in your arms, and your whole future is darkened and storm-riven—when your own lack of honor has slandered your mother's name and your own and Turner's, your Linton's and old Venetian glass case the tears which come to men's eyes as well as to women's, when the bitter fall and by its very fullness pervades the world? What do your fields, your balance at the banker's, your carriages and horses do for you when your favorite daughter runs off with the groom, and her sister drowns in despair? No! Happiness is to be bought."

When there are love and honor, and that the gold of the Indies will purchase. And in these days when the lotions, dietings and exercises are to put off the evil hour of age, well to read what this very level woman says about youth.

You may buy fashion cosmetics, she says, "artful enhancements, subtle dyes that look almost as good as the real thing, but you cannot buy youth nor any. In spite of all your care, and though you give 10 shillings for the value of a penny, you cannot put back the hands of the clock nor blunt the scythe time."

"That enamel is cleverly done; that red, frizzed hair is a veritable work of art; those painted cheeks simulate the rations of youth more creditably than in 99 of your competitors, but—the real fact remains untouched—youth cannot be purchased and old age cannot be bought off. The poor old shriveled skin gradually grows more and more like parchment. The fading eyes lose their brightness, and not belladonna itself can bring back that dark line around the eyes which age and weakened vitality replace by that all eloquent arcus senilis."

None of it is very new. It is not nearly so striking as her views on the "wild man," but still it is good to recall a few of these interesting facts in these days of dancing grandmothers and eligible bachelors of 60 or so.—New York World.

Branding a Maverick.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks," or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big HF burned in its flank, and immediately they perceive one they tighten their cinchas, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the back of their heads and "light out." A cow was soon caught, after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timber, thrown down and "hog tied," which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a cincha ring is heated red-hot, with which a rawhide artist paints HF in the sizzling flesh, while the cow kicks and bawls.

She is then unbound, and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, scrape in hand, after the bull-fighter fashion, and provoke her to charge. She charges, while they avoid her by agile springs and a flaunting of their rags. They laugh and cry, "Bravo, toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets forth down the canyon with her tail in their air.—From "In the Sierra Madre With the Punchers," by Frederic Remington, in Harper's Magazine.

The Largest Cities of Antiquity.

The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area of 100 to 200 square miles. Its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the vast area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine-tenths of this area were taken up by gardens and orchards. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar and his son Evil-Merodach is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000.—Western Mail.

The Dictionary Habit.

"Yes, it's a good thing for a man to refer to the dictionary, but this practice can often be carried to excess," said a well-known magazine writer. "Why, I've seen a man get so much addicted to this habit," he continued, "that he could not write an ordinary letter without turning to the dictionary three or four times in order to ascertain some big words that he could use. This, I think, is a very great waste of time, as he does not express his meaning a bit better than if he had used some shorter and really English words."

The Ruby as a Fruit.

The people of Burmah believe that the ruby is a kind of fruit which will ripen if you give it time. They say that most rubies do not ripen simply because they are not allowed to do so. If you want to "ripen" the ruby in your ring, according to the Burmese idea, you must take your ring and lay it in the sun for one month without disturbing it at all, and at the end of that time it will be "ripe" and good to eat.—New York Journal.

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

Our Planet Will Die Not by Accident, but a Natural Death.

According to all probability, notwithstanding all the circumstances which threaten it, our planet will die not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun in 20,000,000 years or more—perhaps 30,000,000—since its condensation at a relatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand, 17,000,000 years of existence, while on the other hand the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the radiation of the sun to be prolonged to 40,000,000 years, it is still incontestable that the radiation from the sun cools it and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be erased from the great book and will revolve, black cemetaries, around an extinguished sun.

Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies, such as the earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Already the moon appears to have preceded us toward the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus, younger than us, will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat. From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transformed. On the one hand, the continents are crumbling away and becoming covered by the sea, which insensibly and by very slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe. On the other hand, the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation shows that by the action of erosion alone all the land on our planet will be covered by water in 10,000,000 years.—Camille Flammarion in Astronomie.

Dynamos.

There exists a general and deeply rooted idea that direct current dynamo of very high potential are not at all practical. The actual historical and practical facts are that the high potential direct current machines were more extensively and successfully operated when the dynamo first came into general use about 1880 than any other type, either direct or alternate. Furthermore, their number and size have largely increased, and the voltage at which they can be practically worked has been steadily raised until we now have 60 light dynamo as the standard size of large machines, generating about 3,000 volts and 10 amperes.

Are dynamos of 90 light capacity are also regularly made by several manufacturers, and 120 or even 125 light machines are built and used. I happen to know of one station where there are four are dynamo rated at 125 lights each which run every night with a load of from 100 to 150 lights. These machines must generate about 3,000 volts each. No great practical or other difficulty is found in operating are machines, except that of danger to persons, but this is merely due to the high potential and does not depend very much upon the type of machine or character of current.—Cassier's Magazine.

He Lost His Case.

"Judge Emerson, one of the most eloquent men Illinois ever produced, was once taken down completely in a speech at Decatur," said E. F. Layman, an attorney of Chicago. "He had a case in which there were some peculiarly pathetic circumstances, the rights of a young girl whose property had been squandered and who was reduced to destitution being involved. Judge Emerson made the most of it, and as he closed his speech a solemn hush had fallen over the courtroom."

"Tears stood in the eyes of the jurors, and even the judge coughed sympathetically and hid his head behind the trial docket. His opponent, whose name I have now forgotten, saw that the spell had to be broken in some way, or his case was lost. Arising slowly to his feet, and in a voice of deep solemnity, he said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, let us continue these solemn exercises by singing the one hundred and fifteenth psalm.' A roar of laughter followed from the audience, and Judge Emerson lost his case."

A Little Learning.

We have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things. It would be far better to have plenty of both, but the sophism of those who use this argument is that they represent the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be made between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food and absolute ignorance or starvation, common sense gives its decision in the homely proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."—New York Ledger.

The Oldest Dressmaker's Bill.

Most likely the oldest dressmaker's bill in the world has been discovered on a Chaldean tablet, dating 2800 B. C. It has an entry of 92 pure vestments for the priests. Among the items are "10 white robes of the temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, 10 collars of the house of his lady, 10 pair of gold collars, two white robes and four scented robes." Also "two winders," probably scarfs for binding about the waist.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Depends.

"Papa," said Johnny, who has recently joined a debating society, "is it correct to say 'The nose has it' or 'The nose have it'?"

"It depends, my son, on whether you are talking about a vote or about a cold in the head."—London Punch.

THE LION PATH.

I dare not—

Look—the road is very dark—The trees sit softly, and the bushes shake—The long grass rustles, and the darkness here—there—beyond—There's something crept across the road—now!

And you would have me go? Go there—through that live darkness hidden—With air of crouching forms that wait to—Ah, look! See there—And there—and there—again!

Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see—The long, slow lashing of the snowy tails—And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait—Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees—So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.

Afraid at first, yet bound—Forth goes he, with the lions in his path.

And then—

He dared a death of agony—Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts—Long struggle in the horror of the night—Dared and went forth to meet—O ye who find—Finding an empty road and nothing there—A wide, bare common road, with homely hedges and the dusty roadside trees—Some ending kittens maybe in the grass.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Boston Woman's Journal.

Saved by a Gypsy.

An incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was told by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. The story is told as follows in the Neue Presse Journal: On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army, said the archduke, we camped in the neighborhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when about midnight I heard the sentry challenging some newcomer. My adjutant entered and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us.

"The outposts have not heard any thing suspicious," I said. "No, your highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your highness," answered the man. "Do you see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?" "Yes, I see them. What then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They certainly would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood and has frightened all those birds."

"Very well, my lad. You can go."

I at once ordered the outposts to be re-enforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.

A Philadelphia Incident.

The easy and comfortable attitudes assumed by most men riding in street cars have frequently been a source of irritation to women, and one feminine passenger had the courage to publicly condemn the practice. A sixteenth street car was scudding up town with many masculine passengers and one woman, who sat in an upper corner and whose physiognomy stamped her as a school-ma'am.

Another woman entered the car at Poplar street, and finding no vacant seat was proceeding to grasp a strap when the voice of the school-ma'am piped out: "If these men would put their legs together, there would be plenty of room." A dead silence was followed by a steal shifting of nether limbs until sufficient red cushion was visible to accommodate the standing passenger.—Philadelphia Record.

Their Titles.

Shakespeare has been a mine of wealth to authors in choosing titles to their books. Tersely descriptive are "The Quality of Mercy," "A Woman's Reason," "A Modern Instance," "The Undiscovered Country," which W. D. Howells found in the great dramatist. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Shakespeare when she named one of her novels "The Primrose Path." Mr. Hardy must have been reading "As You Like It" when he called his book "Under the Greenwood Tree." Other writers have taken "A Fairy Lullaby," "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Heir of the Ages" as titles from Tennyson.—Journal of Education.

An Infelicitous Speech.

"Why, you're looking better already, Sir Ronald!" "Yes, thanks to your delightful hospitality, I've had everything my doctor ordered me—fresh air, good food, agreeable society and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect."—Harper's Magazine.

A Lost Boy.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son. Little Boy—No, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.—Good News.

A Lost Boy.

In early times what is now Ireland was called Scotia, and its inhabitants were known as Scotts, or Scots. A branch of this Scottic stock invading north Britain ultimately gave its name to all of what is now Scotland.

Golf is spoken, it seems, without sounding the "L." English folk call it "gowf," and if we import the game it is only proper that we should import the pronunciation.

It is a very lazy man who will not take the trouble to reverse his cigar when he finds that he has put the lighted end of it by mistake into his mouth.

A square copper coin struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century is nearly one-half inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

A Parisian Lady.

A Parisian lady wears ball shoes with tiny watches set in the instep. Presumably this enables her to keep time with her feet.

India has 50,000,000 of Mohammedans—a larger number than are found in the entire Turkish empire.

Bogus!

Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

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All-Wool Dress Goods, 39 inches wide, value 55c.

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All-Wool Granite Cloths, 48 inches wide, value \$1.00.

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Fine All-Wool Burla Cloths, 48 inches wide, value \$1.25.

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PART SILK, PART WOOL.

Cleopas Cloth, silk and wool novelty. Basham, silk and wool novelty.

Helah DeLeon, tufted crepe effect, \$1.20 per yard.

Joppa, raised tufted novelty silk and wool.

Falcon DeBeige, high novelty silk and wool.

Bennice, soft mixture, 95c per yard.

Albany, small checked effect, 95c.

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